

Maybe If I Sing

Sheek Louch

(Sheek Louch)

50 you a rat, you a coward, you a snitch
You a bitch motherfucker now hear this { *tch-tch BOOM* }
All you talk about is money and sales
What you need to talk about is all them niggaz that you put in them jails
We don't dry snitch niggaz (nah) rappin and whisperin
Knowin that the rap police listenin
Homey know just what he doin, who career he swipe
That's aight, Ja got him, niggaz say goodnight (aight)
I'ma blast 'til I go on the run
Just mad at Game cause he ain't like them, he ain't your son (bitches)
50 this, 50 that; nigga 50 whack (50 whack)
Nigga laid you down, when you gon' get him back? (woo)
And when you gon' say somethin hot on the track? (never)
I guess the next time you get hit'll be your back
A fucked up nigga, let me get down wit'chu
I make sure niggaz don't hit you - ha ha

(Chorus)

Hey yo maybe if I siiiiiing, I'll be rich (should I sing?)
And maybe if I rat on you, I'll be rich (or maybe I should rat on you)
Maybe if I crossover, I'll be rich (I need to cross over I think)
I wanna beeee, I wanna be, just like that 50 bitch (how can I be like that nigga)
Maybe if I siiiiiing, I'll be rich (should I sing son?)
And maybe if I rat on you, I'll be rich (who should I give up?)
Maybe if I crossover, I'll be rich (I need to cross over)
I wanna beeee, I wanna be, just like that 50 bitch

(Sheek Louch)

Hey yo Banks you got a half-assed flow
But fuckin with homey, all you gon' get is half-assed dough
And where the fuck was you at wit'cha big-ass face
When I was writin "Benjamins" with 'Kiss, Diddy and Ma\$e
I ain't heard of you homey, 'til you blew up quick
But back then I'm pretty sure that you was on my dick (LOX nigga)

I dropped L.O.X., chest to chest, back to back
On Clue when, "If You Think I'm Jiggy" was whack
I wore shiny suits, niggaz knew I didn't belong
But even back then I still never sang on a song
I've been white-tee'd out (yeah) white haze and hash

It's fucked up, 50 makin y'all wear that trash (yeah!)
What he do, put your clothes on the bed, put your sneakers on the floor
and tell you what hat to put on your head? (ha ha ha)
You lil' muh'fuckers to me daddy
And I don't give a fuck if the doors lift up in your Caddy
(Chorus)
(Sheek Louch)
Go Young Buck (go Young Buck) that's my nigga (that's my nigga)
Even if 50 don't let you get bigger
I see you run around stage wit'cha shirt off; you need some food
You 'bout as big as "The Passion of Christ" dude
And I still got love for the dirty South
But I ain't gon' respect no nigga with my dick in his mouth
G-Unit gon' be gone once Dre bounce on you (G-G-G-G-G)
And it's fucked up cause Eminem tried to warn you
You ain't as big as these white dudes that cut your check
Think so? Wait and see who they go to next (D-Block)
You forgot about the hood scramps
Everybody ain't workin with bricks, some niggaz got gramps
No new guns, just them shits that jam
Fuck it though, I'ma ride wit'chu do the death
D-Block muh'fucker 'til there's no one left
G-G-G-G-G-G... the fuck outta here!
(Yo bring in the hook son, bring in the hook)
(Chorus) minus the (ad libs)
D-Block!

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